THE COMMONWEAL

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THE STILL SMALL VOICE

IT WAS not to be expected that much public attention would be paid to one incident connected with Chancellor Bruening's visit to Paris that possessed, however, a real importance not to be measured in terms of newspaper publicity. This incident was the German statesman's attendance at Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Victory. Seated by the side of a Minister of the French government, who is one of the leading Catholic laymen of France, the Chancellor "gave the closest attention to everything said during the sermon," as we are informed in the press reports. Father Dassonville, the celebrant of the Mass, was also the preacher, his subject being peace. This fact had a significance quite apart from that given by the presence of the German Chancellor and the French Cabinet Minister, for it was also the regular occasion for one of the monthly Masses arranged by a committee of the International Conference of Masses for Peace.

"Peace is a great undertaking, the great dream of every human heart," Father Dassonville is reported as having said. "It is most fitting to speak of it on the morning of an historic day, a day which will count in the history of humanity whenever men meet together under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." Another newspaper account gave a further quotation from Father Dassonville, stating that as he concluded his sermon, he turned directly toward the Chancellor of Germany and said: "Courage! God is with you. The mark of God, the Peacemaker, is on you who have come from far or near to collaborate in the work of this historic day."

As many of the newspapers have taken the occasion to remind their readers, the last time a German chancellor visited Paris was when the architect of the German Empire, Prince Bismarck, came to the capital of a conquered France to crown the King of Prussia as Emperor at Versailles. This was the same Prince Bismarck whose attempt to limit if not to cripple the proper place of Catholics in the social and political life of Germany led to the notorious Kulturkamp, in which German Catholics, many of whose principal leaders were laymen, forced Bismarck to change his policy. Out of this historic incident came the Centrist party, of which today the principal representative now occupies the place of Bismarck as Chancellor of Germany—a Germany no longer an empire but a republic, and a Germany in which since the ending of the war the Catholic Centrist party has held a high and honorable

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position among the stabilizing forces of the German people. It may be well to remind our readers, although probably most of them already know the fact, that the fame of the Church of Our Lady of Victory in Paris is not in any sense connected with physical war. One of the most popular churches of France, it became so in comparatively recent times because of the fact that its pastor, in his distress because of the almost complete desertion of the church by a parish which, in common with many others, seemed to have succumbed to religious indifference or even to hostility to religion, made heroic efforts to reconquer his parish, and succeeded. There are legends that this fighting priest was consoled by supernatural messages received at his altar. It is certain that this church, which is now in the heart of the financial and business district of the city, became a veritable center of spiritual power. Visitors and pilgrims were attracted there from all parts of France, and indeed from all parts of the world. There radiated from this renewed vitality of faith and hope and charity, influences which produced tremendous results in shattered lives built up again, and in great works fruitful of public good.

We are of the opinion that the newspaper report which said that the monthly Masses celebrated in this church through arrangements made by the International Conference of Masses for Peace, probably refers to the French committee of the International Catholic Peace Conference. There is a similar organization in this country. England also has such a committee, and so has Germany, and many other countries; all the conferences keeping in touch with each other, and with the office maintained at Geneva in connection with the League of Nations. Of course, in no sense could it be said that the French committee had anything directly to do with the conference held between Chancellor Bruening and Premier Laval in Paris at such a critical moment. Nevertheless, the incident reveals the fundamental and far-reaching importance of the quiet, steady, earnest work being accomplished by these small yet influential groups throughout the world, who are doing their best to translate the principles of their religion into practical social and political realities.

In his most recent utterance, which by implication rather than directly has been taken as a reaffirmation of the stand of the Church in its controversy with Mussolini, the Holy Father has again reminded Christians of the part which prayer and purely spiritual forces must play in all their tasks and problems. Speaking in connection with the proclamation of the heroic virtues of the Venerable Catherine Labouré, the Holy Father reaffirmed the faith which we must put in miracles—moral and spiritual miracles: those transformations of character and even of political psychology which are as truly the work of grace as are the more spectacular physical events more commonly associated with the working of miracles. "The first miracle we must ask," said the Father of the Faithful, "is that very miracle that the Gospel puts in the first place when enumerating the miracles of Our Lord, namely, that the blind may see, that they may see who do not comprehend, do not understand, do not realize. . . . This we must ask with faith, this we must obtain, that those may see who are blind, and that those may see who do not wish to see."

The Pope spoke with special reference to the controversy of the Church with the Fascist state, but his words are no less applicable to the crisis between Germany and France. Just as the situation in Italy affects the Church throughout the world, so the German-French crisis affects all other nations. That crisis may seem insoluble if it is judged strictly in terms of the conflicting economic, political and purely nationalistic interests involved—but those who look at the situation only from such points of view are morally and spiritually blind. It is they for whom the miracle of a true understanding must be gained. It is the still small voice of faith proclaiming that good-will can yet conquer all material obstacles which speaks the truth. The whirlwind of nationalistic and materialistic passions cannot drown that truth in its loud cries of hatred and of war. No clearer duty has ever been laid upon Christians than to listen to that still small voice and to work to do its will. The reconciliation of Germany and France is the miracle that the times demand, and we have the assurance of the Church itself that we may not only hope for but may expect it from the omnipotence of Divine Goodness.

WEEK BY WEEK

A Week of Crisis

DURING the past ten days the world has been granted a rare opportunity to see how badly the credit structure of Europe had been impaired. That the German crisis—due primarily to the fluctuations of huge short-term credits under the impact of political and industrial unsettlement—would necessarily extend to other portions of the Continent was really inevitable. Government budgets generally show large deficits, and of course the prevailing credit stringency hampers reconstruction efforts. The situation has been particularly critical in Hungary, Rumania and Czechoslovakia. Meanwhile it became apparent that solving the major problem of Germany's finances depended upon securing French coöperation. Once more the adroit pulmotor of American and British sentiment was rushed to the scene of action. The immediate effects were surprising. In fact Premier Laval stood his ground so manfully for the Briand idea that Mr. Henderson seems to have rubbed his eyes. A Franco-German communiqué issued on July 19 does not ignore the difficulties which lie between the desire to coöperate and its fulfilment, but the tone is the most encouraging noted since Locarno. To a great extent this manly move forward must be attributed to the excellent impression made on France by Dr. Bruening. Independent journals have paid him very sincere trib-

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utes, and a remarkable article in the leading Catholic weekly, *La Vie Catholique,* asserted that sustaining and working with such a chancellor was a signal opportunity for France. The goal is, of course, the purely prosaic matter of securing a relatively long-term loan for Germany, but in pinches like this prose counts. As we write, the situation is so cloudy and the efforts to meet it so tentative that the actual progress made is beyond estimate. Nevertheless, for the first time in months, we ourselves are inclined to regard the immediate future optimistically.

ON JULY 26, the London parley in which seven nations will participate got under way. Its success depends to a very considerable extent upon whether the preliminary conversations between the German and French governments have meant genuine progress. Originally spokesmen for the second had laid down an elaborate series of conditions under which they professed to be willing to share in an international loan to Germany. Several of these conditions—notably the suggested ten years' truce to all demands for the revision of the Versailles Treaty—were such that the Reich government could have agreed only in the sure knowledge that it would speedily be overthrown. In other words, such ideas were on the side of chaos. Apparently the spirit of compromise has wielded its beneficent sway; and while the French have not publicly disavowed their earlier terms, they seem to be in a mood for modification. After all, the influence of the United States and Great Britain, though often resented in Paris, is on the side of pacification and progress. These things every Frenchman desires, however frequently he may seem to be convinced that only the hard-boiled program of his chauvinistic countrymen is safe and sane. The good work done by American diplomacy during the past few weeks is not impaired by the circumstance that it was a last-minute effort to stave off catastrophe. If it can be carried on vigorously for months and years, we shall see that this sad world is less a theme for dire predictions than most of us had come to imagine.

REVOLUTION and its aftermath in Spain have recently been discussed at length in a number of Catholic publications abroad, so that we are now somewhat better prepared to interpret events. Perhaps a reference to some of the best of these articles may not be amiss here: *La Vie Intellectuelle* (May 10), *Hochland* (July), *Études* (May) and *Vita e Pensiero* (June). All agree in holding that failure to confront critical social problems with the necessary energy had gradually undermined the royal authority, so that dictatorship alone postponed from 1923 to 1931 the coming of a republic. Certainly the thesis here adopted receives confirmation from the fact that King Alfonso had long since begun to transfer his property to other countries. If we now cast a glance at the fateful problems, it will prove easy to distinguish two: first, the prevalence of vast estates upon which hired labor existed virtually without rights; second, the rise of an industrial proletariat unable to count upon the intelligent, Christian coöperation of employers. Reform of the landed estates began to be widely discussed during the war, and it was the drastic action of Russian revolutionists in dealing with the great proprietors which first aroused widespread sympathy for Bolshevism in Spain. Nevertheless, the characteristic incapacity of rural workers to organize halted the development of any kind of concerted movement. Soviet agitators therefore worked chiefly in the cities and, in the almost universal opinion of Catholic observers, financed and carried through the notorious vandalistic attacks upon Catholic property. The republican movement as such was set in motion, to be sure, by representatives of the intellectual and middle classes. This fact constitutes the insecurity of the present régime, which will have to arrive at far greater corporate unity and a much closer alliance with the underdog if it wishes to endure and flourish.

Religion and Order in Spain

WHAT, then, is the position of the Church? It should be noted first of all that the term "clerical proletariat" has by no means been a misnomer in Spain. According to Père Lhande, writing in *Études*, many rural pastors received an annual salary of 700 pesetas (about $11.00 a month). In poor or non-religious districts they often took to farming as a means of eking out an existence. Generally speaking, the lower clergy lived in a condition of absolute financial dependence on the bishops and might at any time learn that their normal incomes had been diverted in part to other uses. As a consequence, large numbers of priests welcomed the dictatorship and then, disappointed with the trend of events, gradually acquired a republican state of mind. These facts have, to be sure, little enough to do with the future. It is evident that the old order has passed and that all depends upon how Catholics work to build up a more satisfactory dispensation. Here a mighty "if" is necessarily written across the coming years. *La Vie Intellectuelle* declares: "Some say that the Church in Spain has lost its fight but they speak rashly. The Church has at most lost only one battle, and that was not its but that of its ally, the monarchy. Now another will be fought by its own forces and on its own terrain—the battle for Christian democracy." By way of comment *Hochland* quotes the remarkable letter which Donoso Cortes addressed to the Queen Mother in 1851, and which ended with the words, "Today, Madame, a new era is beginning for princes. Woe to those who do not see the demands of this epoch, the disease afflicting which is the universal rise of those who suffer from hunger against those who are well fed. . . . The task confronting us is to distribute justly riches which are now improperly divided. This, Madame, is the only problem which now moves the world."

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JUDGE O'BRIEN'S ruling that subway fares in New York must be no more than five cents during the coming thirty-seven years ends the long effort of a leading transit corporation to boost the fare. This decision, by virtually unanimous consent the only one which the court could reach without scorning logic, is of general interest because the matter reviewed is a cross-section of American politico-financial history. The initial contracts under which the lines were assigned to private companies were written in the good old days, when a nickel was a generous fee and the corporations anxious to forestall any decline. On this basis New York transit securities were good investments which many people acquired with alacrity. But changing conditions—above all, increased costs and longer hauls—gradually began to make the good old nickel look like a bargain-counter item. Transit paper sagged; authorities concurred that something like seven cents would be a fairer charge. But the city fathers rose in majesty and declared that never, never could they agree to so ruthless a robbery of their people. They have won. But obviously they have not settled either of two problems: first, they have failed to show how the capital originally invested is to remain at anything near its original value; second, they have thrown no light on the problem of adequate transportation, which obviously cannot be secured unless somebody pays for it. At the beginning capitalistic greed—at the end political advantage. Between those two moguls the dice of the country's finance have been cast recklessly, to an extent which possibly helps to explain just why we are all just where we are now.

His Majesty the Nickel

THE MUNICIPALITY of New York is undoubtedly hard up, like every other entity today, individual or corporate, to whom or which money is a factor of life. But it cannot be so hard up that it needs the dollar a head which is the fine imposed in the magistrates' court for the offense of sleeping in Central Park. When the intolerable clammy heat which is the city's summer curse, begins its visitation in earnest, the nights, even for those who have elbow room and southern breezes, are hard enough to get through. For those whose lot falls into any one of the infinite gradations of air and space below the comfort mark, the nights vary from periods of badly broken rest to periods of waking nightmare. If any of these less fortunate ones—which term covers myriads more than the merely indigent—can snatch a few hours' surcease from this recurrent torture, by laying them down beneath the stars in Central Park, why in the name of Henry David Thoreau shouldn't they be allowed to? It is granted that the job of policing the park at night will be more difficult if people are permitted to woo Morpheus beneath its skyey spaces. But is that any sort of answer? In the first place, groups or masses of people learn to be decorous and reputable in conduct by being given a chance to learn; the process may be slow, but it is the only one known. In the second place, New York does not solve its problems on the sole and simple basis of what will be easiest for the police; and we have here a real problem. It is not created by the mere fact of the heat, patent and dreadful as that is; it is created by the combination of the heat and several square miles of grass and trees which in theory belong to the public. The cartoon legend, "This is your park —keep out!", comes closer to reporting than satire.

Sleeping in the Park

THE RATHER general apprehension, frequently mentioned in the pulpit, that there was a dearth of vocations to the priesthood in the United States, was given an agreeably factual refutation by a recent announcement of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, that 1,500 more students were enrolled in the seminaries in 1930 than in 1928. In the major seminaries in which the study of philosophy and theology is pursued and which are of collegiate rank, in 1930 a total of 7,633 students were reported, of whom 2,959 were studying for religious orders and 4,674 for the secular priesthood. In 1928, a total enrolment in major seminaries of 6,855 was reported, of whom 2,869 were studying for religious orders and 3,986 for the secular priesthood. Of course this is still far from enough and there are many urgent needs for more priests. The vocation to devote one's life with singleness of purpose to the service of God, is one that can never be limited by mathematical proportions or numbers. But the definite assurance that progress is being made, is a splendid thing for many obvious reasons, and at the same time it is an answer to those critics of the Faith who somehow shared the general impression that vocations were decreasing, and attributed this to there being fewer underprivileged and undereducated young men to draw from for the priesthood. This ancient canard is perhaps not deserving of mention. With increase in numbers there shall be no sacrifice in the high standards of equipment required for the unparalleled responsibilities and dignity of the priestly office.

More American Priests

A WRITER in a famous funny magazine recently amused himself by imputing to certain present-day personages opinions very much counter to those they are known to cherish. Among other things, he imagined one of Broadway's sharpest-toothed columnists averring that a certain theatrical corporation which there is reason to suppose he does not love, was "not so lousy." Accepting the satiric intent, the corporation sued for libel, whereupon the learned Justice Schmuck dismissed the action with the ruling that the word "lousy" is not "libelous *per se* or libel at all." The learned justice is undoubtedly right, and yet we cannot help wishing that the action had at least succeeded in outlawing the word. Like the English

Not Libel

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"rotten," it was adopted to shock, and has lost even that excuse, through overuse, yet still hangs on, a neutral counter indicating a vague emotion of disapproval. Time was, when "lousy" was a really potent word: nor do we mean time so near the present as the end of the war. There is a literary legend (and it may be something more) that when Shakespeare left Stratford so precipitately, the propelling force was not Sir Thomas Lucy's ire about the deer, but Sir Thomas Lucy's ire about the rhyming pun which the young poacher tacked up on his lodge gates: a pun relying for its point upon the fact that the "u" of his name and the "ou" of the adjective would have been pronounced much the same.

RUFUS KING IN ROME

THOUGH history does not repeat itself, the habit of drawing interesting parallels seems one of its chief characteristics. May heaven forbid that the existing controversy between the Vatican and Mussolini should ever reach a pass as grave as that which confronted the Papacy in 1867, when the *Risorgimento* threatened to assume a form not acceptable to Pope Pius IX! Nevertheless the possibility suggests itself, and a writer for the Washington *Post*—Mr. David Rankin Barbee—has utilized the occasion by publishing excerpts of documentary evidence bearing upon the Pope's alleged idea of migrating to the United States in case that continued residence in Rome should not be practicable. The evidence is the correspondence which passed between the national government at Washington and General Rufus King, who was United States minister to the Papal States between 1861 and 1866. Since the matter is of considerable interest, we shall resume briefly what Mr. Barbee quotes regarding it.

During the critical weeks of July, 1866, when the star of Austria paled visibly in northeastern Italy, General King wrote that while the papal court was markedly sympathetic with Austrians the people of Rome were hailing "with intense delight every triumph of the Italian arms." The French had proclaimed that any sort of interference in Italy would be out of the question. Thereupon, according to King, Cardinal Reisack was dispatched to England "to treat with the British government for the occupancy, temporary or otherwise, of the island of Malta by the court of Rome, in case the Pope should feel compelled to withdraw from this city." But when the American Minister called on Cardinal Antonelli some days later, he was informed that the Holy Father had no intention of leaving Rome but that the addition of an American warship to the international fleet stationed at Civita Vecchia would be regarded by the Vatican as a great favor. This warship—in fact, two warships—was actually despatched to the scene.

Now comes the important item. On November 20, King wrote: "General Kansler, the Minister of War and Monsignor Nardi, domestic chaplain to the Pope —both, it must be presumed, in His Holiness's confidence—each expressed very explicitly the opinion that the only country in which the Pope could seek and find a suitable and secure asylum was the great republic of America. General Kansler added the expression of his earnest hope that the Pope would take this course and seemed anxious to know how I thought he would be received in the United States." By way of good measure, King added, "I know that His Holiness himself has spoken of it more than once and in terms that seemed to imply approval." Washington appears to have puzzled over the letter considerably, but President Johnson's ultimate reply did nothing but gravely doubt the verity of the Minister's report. It was a difficult moment for the government, which had a variety of conflicts on its hands. At any rate, the situation changed and Pope Pius did not leave Rome.

While the story thus related has only a piquant historical interest just now, it is part of the exceptionally interesting chronicle of American diplomatic relations with the Vatican about which, to date, very little has been said. Just why, we wonder, has no American Catholic historian taken this deposit of documents for his happy hunting ground? This question rises naturally and a bit imperiously when one considers the utterly negative attitude in which such writers as Mr. Barbee approach subjects relative to the Church. For example, he thinks that a quotation from the "Encyclopaedia Brittanica" suffices to give a definition of the papal mind in the sixties. There the Holy Father is described as bidding "an easy farewell to the idea of tolerance" through the "Syllabus." Cardinal Antonelli is described as "the evil genius of the great Pope." But this estimate and the accompanying phraseology are inevitable in the open forum of the press. One's regret is simply that the initial appearance of a striking narrative could not be staged under better auspices.

Speculation on the possible attitude of the United States today toward a desire of the Papacy to come to the United States for an extended residence is not wholly pointless. Europe today is hardly able to boast of conditions on the basis of which freedom and security can be prognosticated for the Vatican. While the desire to conserve the relatively stable social order now prevailing is firm, forces of revolution are feverishly active and derive energy from economic and national unsettlement. That these forces are destined to become increasingly anti-religious can hardly be doubted. It might happen—though we are not of the opinion that it will happen—that the Anglo-Saxon world became for a time the sole region of the West in which the Church could function normally. Under such hypothetical conditions, would the United States be a willing and courteous host? To put this query has a certain value. Beyond any doubt the Papacy now stands for ideas and principles inherent in the best American doctrine—but whether this is as clear as it ought to be is unfortunately open to doubt. In all seriousness, if Minister King were to despatch his letter today, what reply would he receive?

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LATIN AMERICA AND PROPAGANDA

By MARIE R. MADDEN

In the following paper Miss Madden argues that differing conceptions of religion are the major causes of friction between the United States and Latin America. She thus states her thesis: "Latin America is constantly made uneasy and anxious by the clash of its old traditions and the new theory and . . . by the suspicion that all this propaganda is but a cloak for Yankee imperialism and dominance. And the delay of the United States government in not making unmistakably clear that such propaganda on the part of its own citizens is nullifying its policy of peace, stiffens the Latin American point of view"—The Editors.

THE SUBJECT of international peace and non-Catholic propaganda in Latin America arises out of the present discussion of the whys, whats and wherefores of international relationships. Such pointed questions have been known to shatter the peace of peace conferences and in the twentieth century no discussion of international relations among the republics of the New World has been able to avoid applying them to something apparently quite remote from the issues, namely non-Catholic propaganda. No discussions of these relations from fireside gatherings humble or elegant to serious conferences in departments of state, from round-table and round-robin conferences of the citizenry to official international diplomatic assemblies, seem able to proceed very far without becoming marooned in the why, the what and the wherefore of non-Catholic activity in Latin America. The topic is headline material in any newspaper, and august governments themselves find it an impasse to their most carefully laid plans for international peace.

This paper aims to call attention to the fact that this is so, not because of what the modern secularized American (North and South) is pleased to call religious reasons, but for metaphysical reasons. Non-Catholic activity in Latin America is not now and has not been for some time religious. Hence we do not use the term Protestant, as this connotes for most Americans a religious significance. This activity is really a technique of arranging the relations of life for individuals, so as to arrange more smoothly the relations of states. If both are arranged on the same theory, that is the relations of the individuals within the states and the relations of the states themselves, then certainly peace ought to follow as a matter of course from the harmony of operating on the same theory.

It will be perceived that this is to place the discussion immediately in the field of general principles, where it belongs and where it is to be solved if solved at all. The governments of the various states through their foreign departments have to act on some theory and it is very clear from a survey of the diplomatic history of the last century that the American governments have consistently acted either on this theory of non-Catholic activity or in reaction to it. Its validity should then be established; if not, governments are acting at their peril. In states where democratic institutions are established, the responsibility for this is directly on the leaders of the voters.

Before developing this argument I must say that I do not deny religious significance to non-Catholic activity. There are individual Protestants who go to Latin America for the sole purpose of bringing the knowledge of Jesus Christ (as they conscientiously see Him) to people sitting in darkness. There are others also who openly call themselves Protestants who go for less worthy motives. Also, many Protestants in the United States are not in sympathy with the movement at all and do not support it on general principles. Also again, many join the movement who despise or are indifferent to Protestantism. But none of these cases affect the main argument.

At present there is a great deal of Protestant activity in Latin America. Some fifty sects are represented in the various countries, though with certain defined areas reserved to some. There are nine missionary societies, two Bible societies, one general missionary agency and a committee on coöperation in Latin America, whose sub-commissions in the zones in Latin America contain representatives from the various sects and mission societies. Under the inspiration of this committee the principal cities of Latin America have been declared interdenominational, that is, they pool their efforts to coöperate on the following main points: to awaken the interest of the people of the United States in Protestant activity in Latin America by lectures, conferences and through the press; to unify and direct the campaign in Latin America; to finance suitable supervision of the work; and to provide a Protestant literature in Spanish and Portuguese and a press both religious and secular.

Such unity of coöperative activity may seem strange to those of the United States who recall the two hundred or so sects here and their lively differences. It is true that there are numerous Protestant sects, but there is more unity than appears on the surface. If doctrinal or administrative unity is lacking, there is a marked tendency toward unity in coöperation on humanitarian and social objectives, as evidenced in activities of such associations as the Christian Unity Foundation, World Conference on Faith and Order, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. The improvement of social and industrial conditions, the furtherance of good-will and of international justice, offer a program of cooperation on which all can unite. This does not mean so much that doctrines and faiths are not points upon which unity is important as that these are seen by the

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leaders to be merging into the doctrine and faith of a common new religion, the religion of humanitarianism, which will gather under its aegis all who are not Catholic. The proofs of this development are seen in the positive acts performed in the name of the above objectives, acts which are coöperative only because they have just become common in the sects. Behind these acts, of course, is a philosophy and a religion which can clearly be deduced as a devotion to the physical and material well-being of man, informed by such ethical principles as experience has taught man must be observed if physical and material comfort, or even decency, is to be maintained.

It is true that another point of unity in Protestant effort is recognized by some, that is to say, a common antagonism to all things Catholic. This activity will take two forms: one, general accusations against the history, the cult, the activities and personnel of the Church, all drawn from the Lutheran, Anglican or Calvinistic controversial literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries or from the writings of the liberals and anticlericals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; second, specific charges against the Church in Latin America, such as abuses among the clergy and laity alike in their private lives, the Inquisition, superstitious practices, indifference of the church authorities toward the Indians, the working classes, education and social work generally, concubinage and illegitimacy. Some of this material is drawn from the pastoral letters of the hierarchy, taking cases mentioned therein as specific out of their setting and presenting them as typical. Most of it is propaganda calumny. This type of activity often works both ways. It is used in Latin America to disgust individuals with their own Church; and in the form used in the United States during the last presidential campaign it is again offered in Latin America as typical of the United States attitude; and hence is of value in turning devoted Catholic Latin Americans away from coöperation in any form with the United States. This political propaganda is used by foreigners anxious for their own purposes to disrupt any entente between the two Americas.

While all of this has its effect upon the status of international relations, it is not of major importance, for the reason that the governments tend to look upon it as a manifestation of local disputes among sects, with which they have no concern. The attitude of the United States government toward Mexico during the negotiations over the Constitution of 1917 and during the persecutions started in 1926 is a classic example of this.

A mere dispute among sects would appear to the governments to be of no importance to the high interests of justice and the general welfare which is their great concern. We should assume that those in high administrative positions have this duty conscientiously in mind. But however high-minded a government may be, it may be misled and it may make mistakes. There is no doubt whatever that considering the avowed aims, the government of the United States, as well as South American governments, has committed serious errors in this regard.

In the first place they all assume that the rising tide of criticism among the citizens of both continents against this policy is directed against the opposing sects, whereas it is directed against the governments themselves and paralyzes their activities. Such criticism is the recognition of the general view among the intelligently educated Catholics and non-Catholics alike, that governments with such a policy are neither intelligent or just. In particular Catholics recognize that the issue has at last come out into the open where it belongs, and that the issue presents itself as the religion of supernatural foundation confronted by a religion of human foundation, humanitarianism.

To hold the theory that governments have no responsibility in such a situation, as does the United States, is to deny the principles of its own constitution drawn from that same supernatural religion, and on the part of the Latin-American governments, is to deny the tradition that informs all the civilization which they have. Every social, political and economic institution which Spain gave to Latin America presupposes the principles of this supernatural religion. Wherever these have been upset or destroyed, the wedge has been some principle of humanitarianism and wherever the non-Catholic propaganda acts effectively today, it acts on just such principles. In its social relief measures, its scout movement, its settlement centers, its child-welfare activities, its hygienic reforms, its educational work, it succeeds in winning adherents in proportion as it proclaims itself secular and humanitarian, and fails where it stresses religion or scorns specific dogmas and practices of the Catholic Church.

In this situation governments are not the neutral things they fondly imagine themselves to be, for the simple reason that governments are constructed according to plan and are administered by men. And as society is constituted today, men either hold to a social organization in which the supernatural is the determining element (which is a principle recognized in the constitution of the United States) or to a social organization in which the natural man is the determining element. In practice, as we have hinted, the governments have sometimes negatively, more often positively, supported those who have held to the latter view. In other words, government is interpreted to be a secular thing. This is the present logical Latin-American interpretation. The United-States-American interpretation seems to be more often the theory that his government is a "Protestant popular democracy," but strip this of its historical verbiage and what skeleton comes forward but that of secularism?

So that, to come back to the question of this paper —international peace among the American states—the reason why there is no peace in the correct sense (for peace is not an absence of war, but the presence of justice) is because non-Catholic propaganda, by defending

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and propagating the principle of the secular organization of society, is rendering coöperation impossible. Latin America is constantly made uneasy and anxious by the clash of its old tradition and the new theory and, where its old tradition is obliterated, by the suspicion that all this propaganda is but a cloak for Yankee imperialism and dominance. And the delay of the United States government in not making unmistakably clear that such propaganda on the part of its own citizens is nullifying its policy of peace, stiffens the Latin-American point of view.

Granted that the non-Catholic propaganda is sincere in its theory of secularism and humanitarianism and its belief that only on the common acceptance by all of this theory, may peace be obtained, should the government accept its leadership for guidance? The answer fortunately is found directly in history. Where the supernatural is omitted, man is not honored as man, but deified as god or devil. Destruction results from this. Peace among the American states cannot be secured on this basis.

And this is the lesson the detached observer brings from the study of non-Catholic propaganda in Latin America. It is not a constructive principle for peace, each day it removes peace farther from actuality. As far as the American of the United States is concerned, his constructive effort to avoid this should lie along the study of the great principles of his truly democratic tradition, so as to bring the foreign policy of the Presidents and the State Department into harmony with it, and to rescue it from the plutocrat and secularist alike. As for the Catholic, his contribution to peace in addition can come from active coöperation with Catholic Action following the principles of the papal encyclicals, both here and in Latin America, so as to prove that there is a practical Catholic theory of social organization, whose principle and aim is peace, a truly international peace. This theory is the only theory which will produce peace, because it offers for coöperative action the only possible principle to unite men, their common relation to, and common dependence upon, the One True God.

THE AMERICAN LUXEMBOURG

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

MODERN art has been charged with possessing any of a number of qualities, except beauty. From the point of view of the art public, this exception has meant—alack!—that art had lost the simple and essential quality of pleasing. The artists, often explaining themselves in unsympathetic and confusing technical jargon, shouldered the difficulty onto the inevitable lag of the public's appreciation of anything new. "Give the public time," they said, "and they will gradually catch on to the fundamentals of our position, and when we are dead they will be praising us and bidding up the prices on our pictures."

There can be little doubt that this is half true. The other half of the situation is, that not only is the modern artist somewhat alienated from his contemporaries by the for the moment ununderstandable novelty of his work, but also he is lost for the moment in the forest of incompetents who carry his methods to excesses or dull their point by second-rate work. This is a tragedy for everybody concerned, the artist, the public, and the would-be artist who is never more than that. It seems impossible to conceive of anything but the winnowing process of time, ever doing final justice to the artist. The connoisseur of course does sometimes anticipate this final judgment, but connoisseurs interested in contemporary art are rare birds, and for all their knowledge of the technical problems strike erratically.

The proper point and conclusion to all this discussion is provided by a testament glowing with beauty in a show now current, the collection of Miss Lizzie P. Bliss, on view until September 27 at the Museum of Modern Art in the Hecksher Building at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. The greater part of this collection is to be the nucleus of a permanent exhibition of the Museum of Modern Art, of which museum Miss Bliss was one of the founders and a most active vice-president. Individual canvases are going to various galleries throughout the country, so that besides the absolute importance of the present exhibition as one of the finest, though rather special, collections of soi-disant modern art in the New World, it has national importance because of the nation-wide bequests of the almost legendarily charming and gracious collector. Incidentally, the show is free; and parenthetically I might add, it is elegantly staged and, although in one sense unfortunately all of Miss Bliss's collection cannot be shown, in another, fortunately it is agreeably uncrowded and small enough not to tire or bewilder one.

To return to my theme that the exhibition splendidly exculpates the qualities of modern art and crystallizes its salients, I might say at the outset that the reason I have qualified the description of it as an exhibition of modern art, is that really it is not exactly of today's, but of yesterday's art. Aside from the happy sanity of Miss Bliss's taste and the chance of her fortunate guidance, about which I shall say something later, the show benefits from that very winnowing of time which makes its name modern categorical rather than, as no doubt it was intended, simply descriptive. By the young men now struggling with obscurity, the exhibitors must be regarded almost as old masters, Cézanne, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Gaugin, and for that matter the peculiar genius of the collection, Arthur B. Davies who,

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though he died only yesterday, has nevertheless passed on and left the body of his work definitive and net.

The oft-made charge of lack of beauty of modern art (having made our qualifications, let us accept the term now without more ado) is instantly refuted when one steps into the gallery. The lively colors and patterns, the impression of clear out-of-doors light, immediately strike one. The thing is alive. That is what the moderns promised. And here is fulfilment.

Now for a qualification which may or may not qualify this pleasing impression as being true of modern art in general: the collection was made under the aegis of a man devoted to beauty. "Davies is dedicated to sheer beauty," has said, for instance, Royal Cortissoz. On Davies, however, opinion sharply divides. He has his admirers who are so ardent as to constitute almost a cult, and he has those who say they cannot see him. The latter roughly are classifiable as he-man types who like what they like and damn what they don't. This possibly indicates a rather ambiguous rôle for those who do like him, but if he and his followers lean a little toward the side of aesthetes happy to dwell in dream and ivory towers, they do so from natural inclination and without rancor toward others, so that it seems rather gratuitous ill nature to begrudge them their enjoyment. One whole room of the present exhibition is devoted almost exclusively to Davies's work and gives a keynote to the exhibition. Miss Bliss had the largest single collection of Davies's paintings and drawings; the beginning of her art collection was the purchase of a Davies in 1907, and under his advice her first purchase of the work of an accepted modern master, was a Cézanne landscape which is Number 2 in the exhibition. It was Davies who interested her in the historic Armory show which was America's public introduction to modern art, and is perhaps most generally remembered by the notorious "Nude Descending a Staircase" which was a marvel and puzzle to its times. Davies went with her to the galleries while she steadily added to her collection, and she bought his things almost as fast as he produced them.

He was a remarkable man, as well as a remarkable painter. Not in any sense as a charlatan, but by the deepest instincts of his nature he had in life a serene and detached manner bordering on the ascetic and mystical. Guy Pène du Bois speaks of it; he says that one spoke rather reverently in the presence of Davies and did not indulge in the usual studio slanging and sophistication, feeling that one was really in the presence of a rare spirit singly, unassumingly but earnestly devoted to beauty. He lived rather retired from the world in his studio, in his ivory tower which, incongruously enough, happened to be over a stable. Although he had many devoted friends and admirers, he admitted few visitors. He lived alone, his wife and children living in the country. The manner of his passing was altogether in keeping with his life, like the twilight of a demi-god. Alone he had wandered off into mountain fastnesses of the Italy that he passionately loved, and word somehow reached members of his party who had remained behind, and the outside world, that he was dead. His Italian landscape in the present exhibition is eloquent expression of his love, and the small town with white walls and red roofs nestling in a fold of the hills is suggestive of that dolce far niente to which he was an unblushing addict. It seems strange that he began life as a mechanical engineer and that his first work in his transition into an artist was the drawing of the meticulously exact and fine illustrations for a dictionary and encyclopedia. It makes one think of Renoir beginning as a commercial china painter and carrying the delicate brushwork required in this into his later art. Davies, however, might be said to have reacted away from the limitations of exactness of his early occupations, and although he had an almost forgotten period of cubism, he tended ultimately to a sort of fluent distortion of line in the manner of El Greco and Blake, and of Greek vase painting. The influence of Giorgione and the Venetians attributed to him, may be felt in his color and in the natural grace of his subjects. His famous "The Unicorns" is in the present show. It evokes a pang of somewhat selfish regret to note that his canvas, "Sleep," is going out of the country to the National Gallery, London. A perfect introduction to the more esoteric Davies is afforded, in the hall on the way into the main gallery, in the small painting, "Mother and Child." Here is truth and beauty reduced to its final perfection, stripped of superfluities, simple, limpid and suggestive of eternal beauties.

In the main gallery, I must confess to a moment of doubt that I have had before with Davies. He seemed perhaps to be indulging in what Francis Thompson describes as false mysticism, the ultimately meaningless and inconsequential figments of a mystagogue. A comparison of a small sixteenth-century Byzantine panel of "Christ with Evangelists" which through some happy chance of the catholicity of Miss Bliss's taste, and that of her executors, is hung next to Davies's "So As by Fire," rather heightens the doubt. His work which a moment before seemed the acme of grace and of delicate execution, seems by the comparison gauche, coarse and a little pretentious. Compared to the exquisite simplicity of the primitive, his simplicity suddenly seems rather flat, almost like poster work in graduated tempera colors. In regard to ideology, the one suggests the heavens opening, and worlds within and beyond worlds, where Davies's work suggests that sad pagan sense of imprisonment within a beautiful, yet narrow and too material universe. No doubt on a basis of such comparison, these differences are real and do stand. They recalled to me my oft-expressed wish that there could be in this city a museum of Catholic art; the integrity, the logic and inspiration and splendor of Catholic art, deserve it. The internal cohesiveness of these qualities deserves to be demonstrated by an exhibition arranged by understanding and loving hands, which would reëmphasize the essential quality of Christian art, and save it from that commercialized rarity

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and factitious antiquity value which agnostic dealers and museum curators assign to it. But remembering in the present instance that comparisons are odious and may be unnecessary, one's sense of the value of Davies's work is restored. Myth-making is something other than mysticism and it can be a perfectly harmless form of amusement. The former mood is altogether too serious and formidable, and in this newer mood of accepting the fairy-story quality of Davies's work, the unfiltered light of his colors and their decorative arrangement reassert their legitimate beauty. In his "On the Heights," for instance, he has confectioned matters of fact, mountain and valley blues and depths of atmosphere which are only occasionally, and then thrillingly, to be seen, and he has thereby laid himself open to those who are scornful of this sort of confectioning. But no one who is sensitive to his vision, can see this canvas, I believe, and not have his sense of the mystery of the world, and the universe and the circumstance that creates beauty, renewed. It is perhaps the next best thing to what is described by the psalm, "I will go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth." Davies restores the youthful sense of wonder and of strange things which may be beyond our ken over the brow of some distant hill.

Of the rest of the show, ten times what I've here written could be said. I won't attempt it. A mere catalogue of the names will suggest the feast: Cézanne; Daumier; Degas; Derain; Paul Dougherty; Gauguin; Guys; Walt Kuhn (here is a sterner American modern than Davies; his colors are more trenchant, they sing but not so mellifluously, he is more satirical than dreamy); Matisse (bright, inconsequential, amusing; it is odd to think that he and his followers called themselves "the wild beasts"); Modigliani (here, thanks to selectivity, one can finally see some reason for the extremes of distortion; the elliptical face and long neck and body of the "Portrait of Madame B." do really express her, no doubt, better than a conventional portrait would); Monet (a scene of cliffs where I used to play as a kid; he was the grand old man, the Zeus, of the village where we lived: "Comme j'ai douce souvenance. . . ."); Picasso (this playboy of modern art who seems altogether inspired by technique rather than by life, here well hung and with some selection of his work, is not so repellant to the layman as he usually is; one thinks of his Harlequin abstraction, "after all, why not; it is amusing and might as well be done once and for all; it is quite an idea"; and as for his famous "Woman in White," it has the definiteness, the sureness of statement of a master; you can take it or leave it, but you cannot neglect it as you might more tentative or bungling work); Pissarro; Charles Prendergast (his things are marvelously decorative, to use a much-abused word; and the small things at this show, give merely a taste of what he can do on a grand scale); Maurice Prendergast; Redon (well described in the catalogue as the outstanding French master of fantastic invention; his "Etruscan Vase" is more than invention, it is almost the ultimate in artistic spiritualizing of realities already delicate and beautiful); Renoir (he's not adequately represented here); Rousseau; Segonzac; Seurat; Signac; and Toulouse-Lautrec (this malicious and deformed aristocrat is well represented by but one canvas which at once exposes his cunning and his venom, and his seeming inclination to compensate for his own deformity, by grotesquely deforming his subject).

In parting, in a practical vein, I might suggest that for those who cannot see the show, and who are interested in modern art, the catalogue of the exhibition would be both interesting and valuable. It can be had for $1.85 post paid, and it is as well illustrated as black and white can illustrate the work of artists who have been distinguished by loving color and tone above drawing. If the American Luxembourg seems unduly Francophile, the fact is that though there have been strongly individual uses of the methods of the French masters of the turn of the century, there has really been nothing new since them.

Presumption

The searchers of majesty shall all be slain by glory
And who am I to murmur against that prophecy
Who will be fortunate to reach its marches,
Its last court's windiest arches?
And yet my poor Malvolian mind
Dreams saints its kind
And with an insolence
Beyond defense
Chooses its company
Among their chivalry.
Not Joan, that living banner
Of destined, fiery manner,
Nor John of Calvary
Hedged in by ecstasy.
Teresa of the glancing wit
Was never of a cloudy fit
And dreamers wince away from common sense,
But Bernadette would do. Men called her dense.
I like the ones that were not always just
Whose palm was won in whorls of dust—
Peter the first and best of all
Because of the cock's call,
And Magdalen, her body's blame
Burnt in a crucible of shame,
Augustine, once his mother's cark
With lusts like lions in the dark,
And the great flying soul of Paul
Who once was Saul.
Then the superb de Sales, a holy crane,
As easy-minded as a plain,
Or small Assisi, God's gay bat,
With love as lofty as a ghat
And in his live improvidence
A dare to stock-still sense.
And I who in the flesh would fall,
Am homely with them all
So can a linen samite seem
In the republic of a dream.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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Places and Persons

YOU MUSTN'T SAY "KEKKO!"

By JAMES F. KEARNEY

IN THE Orient mere men strive with gods.

I used to smile at the naïveté of the classic ancients who consulted the entrails of the sacred chicken, wasted precious libations on Bacchus, and spoken reverentially of the emperor as the Divine Augustus. Yet, I wonder, how often has the skirt-wearing man sitting opposite me on the train manipulating a decorated fan, hopefully tossed pennies on the matting before a lotus-throned idol of Buddha? This very day the kimono-clad little lady in front of me will purify her hands at a Shinto trough and then clap them thrice before a shrine containing a mirror, a sword and a hanging bunch of *go-hae* in which the spirit of the place is said to reside. The babe clinging contentedly to her back even on the train will soon be placing superstitious offerings around the neck of a monkey god. At school he will be taught that the sun goddess is the great ancestress of the imperial house; that the emperor is in consequence divine; that the nation is one huge family of homogeneous origin, and hence that every member shares in this divinity. If he later goes to the university, he will no doubt be told in the sacred name of science to give up those childish ideas, that his ancestors were not divine at all but purely bestial. Poor little kiddie! His last state will then be worse than the first.

"Do you want to see the Olympus of the Japanese gods, the Mecca of Japanese pilgrims?"

The American Jesuit from the Catholic University of Tokio who thus kindly offered to guide us to this beauty spot of this little wonderland has earned our lasting gratitude.

The mountains that lead up to Nikko are modestly garbed from head to foot. The clustered pines and cedars and bamboo trees were sharing whispered secrets, while the thick underbrush and rank vegetation everywhere told a tale of long rainy days and starless nights. Through the uninteresting village we hastened to where the red-lacquered Sacred Bridge, built divinely and used for processions only on the rarest festivals, spans a mountain torrent. Up a winding flight of stone steps shaded by proud, immemorial clyptomerias we climbed, coming at length upon the first temple, disappointingly plain, known as the Hall of the Three Buddhas. Three huge gilded deities, some twelve feet in height, slept placidly in an inner sanctuary. The central figure looked fairly normal, but the other two carried a number of spare arms each. Outside in the courtyard a gigantic bronze bell tolled out the hour, startling us.

So much for the least of Nikko's treasures. We wandered down a delightful boulevard, over which the clyptomerias, strikingly reminiscent of far-off California redwoods, arched gracefully to form one of nature's Gothic cathedrals amid the pagan shrines of Nikko. Passing the *torii* or wooden-pillared entrance to a new group of structures, so completely isolated from the one we had visited and others that were to come that it seemed the only oasis in a vast desert of green, we entered upon a gorgeous sight. A lofty five-storied pagoda, perfectly symmetrical, tinted with light colors where it did not glisten with red lacquer and metal fitments, first captivated our attention. How perfect the craftsmanship of this wooden jewel, built without a nail! Its many jutting beams were artistically interlaced one with another, its sides ornamented with all manner of carved animals, some real, some legendary.

We must hurry on. Near by an elaborate entrance beckoned us into the Sacred Storehouses where ceremonial paraphernalia are kept. There were cloisters with sides almost as carefully wrought and as richly ornamented as our monstrances, splendidly lavish cloisters such as no Christian monastery possesses. The glistening lacquer floors, uncovered with matting, flashed back one's image like a mirror. No rough boot many tread upon them—the visitor must walk in stocking-feet, or else have his shoes first covered with awkward cloth slippers. This is no religious ceremonial; the polished floors demand it. Before we left here a youthful bonze politely offered us a couple of sacred cakes wrapped in little packages.

On to an entirely new set of gates and shrines we passed, our wonder growing all the while. Here stands *Yomei-mon,* "the gate where one tarries all day," contemplating its intricate, dazzling, cream-colored beauty. It is the most resplendent gate in all Japan. Gargoyles, fantastic figures of dragons and dragons' heads, of swans and doves and unicorns and other birds and beasts of legend all wondrously carved, adorn its surface, while its brackets and rafters are gorgeous with gold foil or chased metal. All that I had ever heard, or read, or dreamed, about Oriental magnificence was here summed up in a sweep of the eye, a supreme outpouring of pagan talent to honor pagan gods.

For the most part the temple gates are sentineled by two fierce, red-painted devilish statues of heroic build, placed on either side with brandished arms to keep the devil from entering these divine precincts. His diabolical majesty must needs come in as an angel of light. The services of the finest artists of old Japan were requisitioned to embellish corridors and doorways, and there are individual masterpieces everywhere, such as

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a noted carved panel of the "Three Monkeys," and a still more celebrated detail attributed to the famous "Left-handed" Jingoro and called the "Sleeping Cat." This little kitten delights the Japanese and disappoints the foreigner, until afterward he finds the memory of it growing on him.

There were other gates and shrines and temples, each group a complete unit lost in the shadows of cryptomeria forests. Some were Shinto, others Buddhistic. Before many portals stood the two Korean dogs, or lions, male and female.

"It is easy to tell which is which," explained our guide. "See, *that* one always keeps its mouth open!"

Everywhere we met bonzes who bowed to us politely and seemed quite pleased at our interest in their works of art and architecture. On one occasion we chanced upon a ceremony of purification, the bonze chanting incomprehensible prayers over one of the faithful. In another temple a poor woman with a pair of huge boils on her forehead knelt at the side of an altar and paid a few coppers to have her fortune told. The man in charge shook what looked like a dice-cup, read the numbers that turned up, then picked out of a marked pigeon-hole a long slip of paper on which the prophecy was already written in Japanese characters. Whether it was favorable or not I do not know, as she discussed it in rather a puzzled manner with a companion who squatted near.

If I remember correctly, Lafcadio Hearn once paid for three prophecies in succession. The first in thundering terms predicted all sorts of evil fortune in love, in business, in any lawsuits he should undertake. The second exactly negatived everything threatened in the first; and the third in obscure Delphic language likewise seemed quite favorable, so he rather shrewdly judged the gods were on his side.

No visit to Nikko is complete without an inspection of the tombs of Iyeyasu and Iemitsu, the second and third shoguns who continued the disastrous persecution against the Christians launched by Hideyoshi some years after Saint Francis Xavier and his successors had preached Christ crucified to thousands of willing hearers. These tombs, far apart and perched high up above the temple precincts, may be approached in turn by a breath-taking stretch of stone steps. They are quite similar in style, but after the magnificence we had witnessed, looked exceedingly plain and formal. Inside a square plot surrounded by a black granite or stone rail fence, a memorial pillar, resting upon a square base of stone steps, rises some ten feet in the air and is crowned with a pagoda-like top. On the sides of the tomb is inscribed the history of each in many Japanese characters. These were the rulers who drove out the Jesuits and forbade Christianity under penalty of death, a prohibition which remained effective till the middle of the nineteenth century; but on the hill of Nikko we did not forget the Divine Master's example on the hill of Calvary. Leaning against the tomb of Iemitsu we discussed hopefully the problem of the salvation of the infidels, wondering what the merciful heart of the Saviour has in store for these pagans who seem still so far from Him.

Today the task of the missionaries in the Far East is precisely that of the Twelve Apostles. In China we have gods to strive with also.

The Japanese have a proverb, "You mustn't say 'kekko' [beautiful] until you've seen Nikko." I have seen Nikko, *Nikko kekko,* beautiful Nikko! The memory of her beauties will not quickly fade. But after all, her dazzling splendor soon wearies eye and heart. "Vanity of vanities!" It is too much of this world, it is too pagan. And so it is not one-half so beautiful as the meanest Japanese chapel wherein a wondrous twinkling little star tells all the wise men of the East that the King of Glory lies there in splendid obscurity; tells them that the only God Who ever walked on earth has pitched His tent here in their midst; tells them, that though divine by nature He is the elder Brother of all who have become the adopted sons of the One True God. For though we were not born divine, we can be born all over again in baptism, thereby becoming full-fledged members of the Imperial family of the King of Kings and Emperors.

EYES AND EARS

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

IT SEEMS safe enough to take it for granted that we all judge other folks by ourselves—and in this article I shall include as other folks those who wear fur and feathers instead of clothes.

Almost all of our race depend on sight rather than hearing, and naturally enough we assume that with birds and animals it is the same. When we come to observe them going about their daily affairs, however, we begin to realize that a fairly large proportion of them, especially those that live in the thickets and undergrowth, depend on their ears much more than upon their eyes.

In my early study of nature, this knowledge came to me more quickly for the reason that, like so many of the creatures that I was studying, hearing was more serviceable than seeing. Extreme near-sightedness rendered it impossible for me to see the hands of a clock across the room; while my hearing, sharpened by constant use, was unquestionably keener than the average.

For example, while engaged in setting mink traps in the pasture brook one snowy winter evening, I heard someone open the door of a farmhouse a mile away and a woman's voice inside say, "Howard, please shut the door," as clearly as I should now expect to at one-tenth that distance. In a way this dependence on the sense of hearing was an actual advantage in the study of natural history, as neither darkness nor fog nor thick foliage was any obstruction.

> "Dark night that from the eye his function takes,
> The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
> Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
> It pays the hearing double recompense."

So, high up on the haymow in the barn at night I studied the family ways of mice and bats; just as in the undergrowth of swamp and thicket I listened to the pitapat of tiny feet and

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the low-voiced interchange of woodland conversation. Then would come the warning thump, thump of a rabbit's foot to be answered by another and another at varying distances, and then intense silence for a time.

I remember one morning before daylight I was watching a muskrat eating his breakfast of water-lily roots which he dived for and brought up to a tussock where he could munch them at his leisure. The hooting of horned owls came faintly from the distance, but the muskrat paid no attention to it until a loud "Wagh, hoo, hoo," rang out scarcely half a mile away. From somewhere downstream came the warning slap of a muskrat's tail on the water, followed by the sound of his plunge beneath the surface. Other similar warnings followed nearer and nearer until the one I was watching took his turn, slapping the water with the flat side of his tail and quickly diving under.

When hunting with my single-barreled muzzle loader, I did not always have to wait for the whir of the upspringing partridge before bringing the gun to my shoulder, as I could frequently hear the two or three soft footsteps which the bird took before rising into the air, and often my aim was guided more by the sound, than by the vague blur which was all the speeding game showed to my near-sighted eyes.

By comparison with the wood folk, however, I was hard of hearing. Generally speaking, the hearing of birds is less sensitive than that of animals; the owls seeming to be the one exception. An owl's brain is, I believe, proportionately larger and more complicated than that of any other living thing, and the opening of the ear leading to the brain is also very large and is moreover surrounded by long feathers which may at will be either spread out to form a flaring tunnel or closed tight by folding back the feathers in front in order to shut out all sounds too loud for comfort; just as the eyes, formed to catch every faint ray of light, are protected by a semi-transparent nictitating membrane, used to shut out too brilliant a light when the eyelids are still open.

In the case of the long-eared owl, or cat owl, the openings of the ears are differently placed on the opposite sides of the head, on the one side sloping up and on the other side sloping down. Just what particular object is achieved by this arrangement, it is hard to guess.

I once climbed up to a cat owl's nest and took one of the downy youngsters home with me for a pet, putting it in a nest in an unused hen-house for the night. His faint, lonely cries were barely audible to human ears at any distance, but his parents in their hemlock swamp a mile and a half away evidently heard them clearly enough; at dusk they came hurrying to his rescue, and all night long we heard them answering with hoot and caterwaul from barn ridge-pole and shade-tree top.

The eyes of the hunters are as a rule placed well to the front in order to focus on their quarry; while those of the hunted are on the sides of the head, including in their range pretty nearly the entire skyline at the same time, but without seeing anything very distinctly. A deer or a rabbit cannot possibly see any object with both eyes at the same time, and a deer who hears your footsteps miles away, may very likely on another occasion come within a few yards without seeing you, so long as you remain absolutely motionless. The same thing appears to be true of some of the hunters—foxes, for example. I have often had them come quite close without seeing me, both by daylight and dusk, when I had been quiet for a long time, for they depend almost entirely on their ears and sense of smell to tell them of the exact location of their game and of other hunters for miles around.

Once when at work in the open pasture, I saw a fox crossing the meadow several gunshots away. When I imitated the faint squeaking of a field-mouse, he heard me and came trotting in my direction until not half a dozen yards distant he stopped and looked at me, but while I remained perfectly motionless he did not take alarm.

Woodchucks and squirrels seem able to focus both eyes at the same object, either near or distant, their eyesight just about equaling that of a keen-sighted human both in daylight and dusk.

With woodcocks, who spend most of their time head down probing in the mud with their long bills, the eyes are placed almost at the back of the head, and it is doubtful if they ever see their own beaks except as a reflection in the water. In flight they hold them downward beneath their breasts in order to bring their eyes as far to the front as possible.

The invention of the telephone, and later the wireless, were made necessary by the advance of civilization in more ways than one. Conversation on a city street at a distance of three yards is more difficult than it would be if, gifted with hearing like that of the deer and moose, we conversed in low tones while standing several miles apart on a windless day in the woodland. Even with the wind rustling the foliage all about them, they can distinguish the hunter's footfall from all the other sounds about them, and accurately judge whether he is heading toward them, or likely to pass by them at a safe distance to windward or leeward. This is unquestionably true: for all their movements and the exact time when each was made, are accurately written down on the snow sheet, to be read at leisure by either hunter or naturalist.

Our senses grow dull through lack of use, and the average city dweller of today is practically blind in twilight and wonders to see the back-country farmer going about his chores in the gathering dusk. The hawk owl and the snowy owl, which spend the summer in the arctic regions where daylight lasts throughout that season, on their winter visits down to our latitude hunt by day and sleep by night.

All the birds of prey have eyesight wonderfully adapted to their needs. A hawk poised high in air discerns the brown field-mouse hiding in the brown stubble and swoops down to seize it; and I have seen a falcon flying far up out of gunshot, suddenly check its course and descend like a meteor straight for a little grey sandpiper on the grey sand. Once when a pickerel freed itself from my hook and darted away for deep water, a fish hawk circling high above the stream, closed its wings and went down with a rush, splashing under water and then emerging with my fish in its claws. Whether he could see that pickerel, mottled and shaded to match the underwater growths through which it swam, or guided his downward course by the ripple along the water's surface, I could only guess.

Queer

She's very likely, any minute,
To lose her purse and all the money in it;
But not the verse she made at break of day,
Scrawled while she dressed, and tucked somewhere away.

At tea-time, Sirius, miles above,
Is nearer to her than her kitchen stove;
And should her lover chance to bring
A rose, she likes it better than a ring.

She hears, in some tall pine or other,
The wind, but not the wise words of her mother.

LILIAN BURLEIGH MINER.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Iolanthe

FOR SOME time past, as readers of this department may recall, I have been mentioning the increasingly distinguished work of the Milton Aborn Civic Light Opera Company in their popular-priced revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan works. A printed slip handed out with the programs for "Iolanthe," the current revival, contained the exceedingly welcome news that the season thus far had proved so eminently successful that the troupe plans to continue all summer and well into next winter's season and to include many other old light-opera favorites beside the Gilbert and Sullivan works. "Robin Hood" is to be heard again and a dozen or more other favorites of a musical era that threatened to disappear with the advent of the intimate musical review. What I specifically recommend to all who want to recapture a little of the old delight of the theatre is to get a list of forthcoming productions, and to make this new and modest institution a theatrical habit. The company plays with excellent spirit, the audiences are interested and friendly, the musical standard is high, and the production details, while lacking in some of the tinsel and splendor of six-dollar splurges, are far better than one might expect with a two-dollar "top."

As to "Iolanthe"—I think I can admit an unalloyed delight in its charms without disloyalty to my favorite, "Patience." The two operas share the virtue of prodding human nature at large rather than some particular vagary of the British Empire and its statesmen—this in spite of the overwhelming ridicule which "Iolanthe" pours out upon the British peerage. One feels, somehow, that this ridicule applies to all the stuffy and financially entrenched gentlemen of the world.

The political satire of "Iolanthe" hits the world at large fairly and squarely. For the rest, it is an impish romance, bright, irrelevant and whimsical, with just enough of the delicate point that life becomes overcomplicated or dull only when we fail to inject into it a modicum of irrepressible nonsense.

The Aborn production, using the same scenery that Winthrop Ames employed a few seasons back, fails to catch the delicious refinements of direction which made Mr. Ames's contribution an unmitigated joy. During the famous counter chorus between fairies and peers—the one that trips like a hammer on the verses, "Go away, madam! I should say, madam, you display, madam, Shocking taste!"—Ames arranged his fairies and his peers in opposing groups who backed and filed across the stage in ridiculous gestures of rhythmic defiance. Mr. Aborn merely lets his two groups perform mild routine evolutions during this and the succeeding chorus. The libretto contains no particular instructions on this point, and I can readily see that Mr. Aborn did not wish to copy Ames slavishly. But the scene has too many possibilities to let it slump back into routine.

In all other respects, however, Mr. Aborn has done exceedingly well by "Iolanthe." But his male and female chorus—especially the latter—do complete justice to Sullivan's enchanting chorals, and the principals who have contributed so much to the other revivals are here at their best. Joseph Macaulay's Strephon is more than competent. It gives his rich and well-modulated voice full play, and permits him, as in "Patience," to give full rein also to his eager and zestful enthusiasm, a quality that is quite contagious. Vivian Hart as Phyllis enters as usual into the full swing of things with impish charm. The reappearance of Vera Ross as the Fairy Queen is another cause for congratulations, and the rich contralto and radiant personality of Dean Dickens as Iolanthe are marred only by a broad burr in her speaking voice. Frank Moulan is, of course, the immortal Chancellor, with a most able supporting trio in Howard Marsh as Lord Tolloller, Frederick Persson as Lord Mountararat, and Herbert Watrous as the inimitable Private Willis of the guards. (At the Erlanger Theatre.)

Books of the Theatre—Henry Irving

FEW PEOPLE are better equipped than Gordon Craig to give an estimate of Henry Irving as one of a vanishing race—the thoroughgoing actor manager. Craig's life of Irving (Longmans, Green and Company) is, however, a slight disappointment, for Craig assumes from the outset an impassioned defense of everything that Irving (alias John Henry Brodribb) ever thought or did. Unqualified praise is apt to breed a certain scepticism, and though Craig's mother, Ellen Terry, was for years Irving's leading lady, and Craig had matchless chances to study Irving's methods at first-hand, it is inconceivable that Irving was the sole giant among a race of pigmies.

Aside from this obvious defect, Craig has written, after his usual fashion, a provocative and entertaining book. On every page he scatters amusing bits of personal philosophy and observation. For example, that Brodribb was "lucky to have lived in Cornwall and in the midst of farms, that he might see for himself how slowly things grow," or, again, "that Irving walked perfectly naturally—but only in private life. As he stepped upon the boards of his theatre, at rehearsal, something was added to the walk—a consciousness. And this was right. He became aware of the boards—the ordinary life was being put away—something was coming into his blood—he could not feel the same as when on the paving stones of Bond Street."

I mention this latter comment particularly because it gives the key to Craig's whole interpretation of Irving and the discipline of the theatre—a place of essentially artificial conventions, where extreme naturalness, without deliberate technique, fails to achieve the full illusion. Irving's stage walk was not walking. Says Craig, "It was dancing! In dancing his rôle, Irving went to the extreme limits possible to an actor of the nineteenth century, of preserving the last tingle of the mighty Greek tradition. . . . He danced, he did not merely walk—he sang, he by no means merely spoke. He was essentially artificial in distinction to being merely natural. . . . And Shakespeare helped him, for in Shakespeare is a great, a curious rhythm, and it was this he captured. . . . Irving trained himself, and began to prance and turn and glide and sing, and—it began to go all right." Yes, Craig has at least caught the thing most forgotten among actors today, the swift and sure exaggeration which gives luminosity to a great performance. This book may irritate you through its adulation, but it will stimulate you, too, through its penetrating summary of what it is that makes the true actor different from other mortals, doing with his body what others do with their minds and through written words, and creating magic out of movement and deliberately rhythmic speech. Possibly Craig is right in concluding that "Henry Irving was the full stop to a period in a long chapter of the stage's history—we have begun a new chapter."

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COMMUNICATIONS

PROBLEMS OF THE NEGRO

Hampton Institute, Va.

TO the Editor: There appeared in your paper of April 8, 1931, an editorial entitled "Problems of the Negro." I have had this article before me ever since, awaiting an opportunity to make some comment upon certain of its passages which, in my judgment, called for much more intimate acquaintance with Negro life and activities if the correct point of view is to be given to the public in its greatest clarity.

The well-intentioned editorial grew out of the establishment of a branch of the Newman Club at Howard University, which was accompanied by an address on the same occasion by the Reverend Augustine Walsh, O.S.B.

General agreement will be found with the editorial writer's statement, "We believe it is a mistake to conceive of, or talk of, a Negro problem." The editorial expression, which is mainly an excerpt from Father Walsh's address, is in spirit, however, particularly in the latter part, an endorsement of the very idea which the opening paragraph disclaims. One cannot read what is said about the "practical" advantages of the Negro in secular institutions without feeling the force of the "problem" treatment. Of course, the religious interests of Negro Catholic students in secular institutions would be cared for, but why make a problem by forcing all Catholic Negroes into secular institutions? It certainly is not necessary.

Your editorial answer to the question above seems to be found in the following quotation: "Reasons for tolerating this condition are much stronger for the Negro than for the white." This sentence is backed up by certain explanatory statements which, summed up, say that contacts of Negroes with each other in public life make it "practical" for them to get their education in secular institutions. It is needless to say that our Catholic co-religionists are the only denominational group which repeat such statements. Even if the explanations given could be substantiated, they, in themselves, should be the strongest argument for positive, redoubled efforts on the part of the clergy to admit Negro Catholics to Catholic colleges. The real fact in Negro life is the exact opposite of what Father Walsh has guessed. There is much less reason for nourishing a secular atmosphere among Negroes than among whites. Religious intolerance, bigotry, and like prejudices do not have the weight among Negroes that they do among whites in interfering with the normal discharge of civic functions. Negro Catholics have been singularly free from denominational bickerings over school and other public positions; indeed, I have known instances where white non-Catholic workers among Negroes have introduced these disturbances among Negroes under their direction with the effect of driving Negro Protestants and Catholics into coöperative resentment.

Another matter discussed in the editorial calls for some clarification. The editor is on solid ground when he says that it would be a serious mistake to link the Church up with an agrarian movement as a mode of reaching Negroes. The psychological effects of such procedure would undoubtedly be harmful. However, with the Negro population living South and still in large proportion rural, it does behoove the Church to make it possible for their larger participation in rural improvements. One would interpret the editorial as implying that the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, for instance, is part of an organized agrarian, or back-to-the-country movement, fostered by the Church for the benefit of Negroes. I do not know that the author had this institution specifically in mind, but in truth

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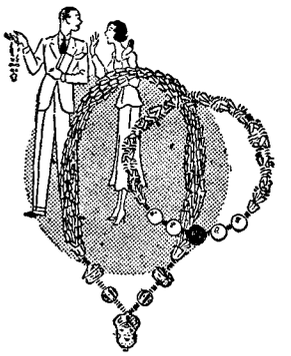

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it is the only institution in the United States making a broad-gaged, comprehensive, Catholic attempt at rural educational development among Negroes. It is approaching its problems —local and national—in a way not yet approached by any other Catholic institution working among Negroes. It has already not only surveyed its community for miles around in the interest of better homes, better farms, and better health, but it has linked up in a coöperative way with the chief governmental agencies and great educational foundations working along the same lines.

All this does not mean, as the editorial excerpt seems to imply, that the institution is any part of a distinctive agrarian movement, but it does mean that a new dynamic force has been introduced into Catholic work among the colored people which, with reasonable encouragement, will bring incalculable results.

THOMAS W. TURNER,
President, Federated Colored Catholics.

THAT UNPLEASANT MATTER

Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Can it be that THE COMMONWEAL has ranged itself alongside of those unchristian forces which not only tolerate but condone war? I have been reading THE COMMONWEAL every week for a long time now, and am happy to inform you that I like its high type of material and principally its liberal and progressive attitude toward most subjects it handles. But I cannot see how I am to escape an affirmative answer to my original question from an editorial entitled "That Unpleasant Matter" in the current (June 24) issue.

In that editorial I find the following: "We are not questioning the rightness of the 1917 decision. . . . What is evident now is the complete failure of American diplomacy to garner the fruits expected of the victory."

I think it is the duty of every liberal and intelligent publication and individual most emphatically to question that decision, and not only to question it but to excoriate it upon any and all occasions, or upon none at all. As for the second part of the quotation, only a jingo, a fool, or a rabid hundred-percenter (these are really synonyms) could be so naive and blind as to expect any fruits from warfare other than those which we have so bloodily gathered.

As for "the purposes for which the nation spilled blood and treasure," as you put it in the same editorial, I confess that I do not know what they were, since the authorities themselves cannot agree on them. But whatever they were, they were not only damnable but insane, for on an extensive trip through Europe a couple of years ago, America was heartily laughed at in every country I visited (England, France, Germany, Poland, Austria and Czechoslovakia) for spending billions of dollars, a hundred thousand lives, and uncounted injuries fighting a windmill. Intelligent persons in both the Allied and Germanic countries assured me that the war could have been settled one way or the other without interference from America.

But what's past is past, and you are right in attacking diplomacy (by which I take it you mean the American government) for their failure to act courageously, intelligently and humanely at present. What I am chiefly concerned with now is not the original crime of the war itself, but the attitude of THE COMMONWEAL today and tomorrow. I can only hope that I somehow obtained the wrong impression from your editorial, and that THE COMMONWEAL is unalterably opposed to all war for any purpose at any time.

EDWARD E. GRUSD.
Assistant Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine.

BOOKS

God Willed It

The Flame of Islam: The Later Crusades, by Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday Doran and Company. $4.00.

MR. HAROLD LAMB has taken a fascinating and rather neglected movement of the middle ages, and written an exceedingly good book. It is an even better job, I should say, than the earlier volume on the capture of Jerusalem, just as the later Crusades, with their complex pathos of failure, are more interesting than the original odyssey of 1095 with its barbaric simplicity and astonishing success.

My only criticisms of the present volume are that it is a trifle overlong, and that the author once or twice betrays a tendency to break into bravura passages of a rather intentional picturesqueness for the sake of injecting "atmosphere" into an already brilliant canvas. For example: "Nuradin reigned in Damascus, the Bride of the Earth, and he was loath to leave its fruit gardens where lines of willows and poplars kept out the desert dust, and swift waters flowed under old bridges. He prayed in the great mosque, with white-turbaned hadjis sitting by the opened windows of colored glass, ceaselessly intoning verses from the Book to be Read. . . ." Such passages do not particularly embellish the author's excellent style.

On the other hand, I know of few examples in modern literature which can match in sustained dignity Mr. Lamb's account of the bloodless Fifth Crusade, conducted by the infidel Emperor Frederick. He describes the latter's visit to the holy places of the Arabs, followed wherever he went by the legate, reiterating the papal excommunication, even at the Sepulchre: "The words flew from hospice to hall:—'Sancta Maria! What has come upon us? He has laid the ban upon the Tomb.'"

Mr. Lamb begins his narrative with a picture of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, the mediaeval state, set up by the crusading princes beyond the seas—*outremer*. Actually it comprised nothing but Palestine proper, that sublime and naked strip of country enclosed like a sparse Syrian garden between the mountains and the sea. The coast was guarded by castles, marvels of military architecture—lonely Margat, far to the north, Beirut crowned by cedars, Tyre and Sidon, cities on the sand, down to Jaffa and Ascalon to the south, meeting the caravans bound for Egypt. Inland was the strong Kerak of the knights, Masyaf, a desolate fortress in mid-air, dark Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee, and Blanchegarde, a white tower watching over Jerusalem. In the latter Frank and Moslem dwelt in relative calm under a feudal king.

That the Latin Kingdom survived as it did for nearly a hundred years was due no doubt to the disunity of its enemies. For it is a mistake to suppose, with most people, that Islam represents one grand and simple monotheism, untroubled by heresies and schisms. At a time when the Church presented an almost flawless structure of religious unity, save for the secret societies of the Manichees in southern France, Islam was a labyrinth of dissent and nonconformity. In Bagdad or at Damascus ruled the orthodox caliph, less by the grace of Allah than by the grace of his Kurds and Turks who had taken to the Koran like the Scotch to Calvinism. But in mysterious Cairo of the Egyptians reigned the Fatimite sultan, and the latter with his friends denied the cardinal article of the Moslem creed, and believed in the incarnation of the one God in Ali. And amid the soaring peaks between the Caspian and the Mediterranean rose the castles of the Hassanites (Assasins) who believed in nothing but death for their enemies and Nirvana for

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themselves. Eventually arose Saladin, Mr. Lamb's hero, a scholar and a gentleman, who overthrew the heretic sultan, reigned in his place, and recaptured Jerusalem. The most epic of the Crusades, the English one of King Richard, was launched.

Richard Coeur de Lion was a lithe, nervous, highly-strung, golden-haired man, a poet, and only incidentally a great soldier. But Mr. Lamb calls him a "timid general." On that point he is misled, as he is also in giving a wholly clean bill of health to the Templars, suppressed by Pope Clement V in the next century. Richard's record in the Third Crusade stands or falls by that terrible six weeks in which he led the army from Acre to Ascalon. Mr. Lamb seems to blame him for not directly attacking the sultan en route. It would have been the height of folly to have attacked a concealed enemy hugging the heights. He did tempt Saladin on to open ground at Arsuf, and it appears to be due to the stupidity and disobedience of the French that the attack was not fatal to the enemy. The truth is that Richard won every battle he fought and took every city he besieged. Yet he left the Holy Land a defeated man. In the words of the psalmist, it was not the heathen, but his own familiar friends, who beat him in the end.

And now what was the reason for it all, that terrific Third Crusade and six others like it? The modern historian seldom comprehends the Crusades because the modern historian does not comprehend any war not ostensibly one of commerce. Even Mr. Lamb closes his dramatic narration with an after-word which accredits to the Crusades rhubarb and spices, rice, sugar, artichokes, lemons, with other fruits and foods, to say nothing of alcohol and algebra. But the Crusades have a greater importance. They represent the one utterly selfless military enterprise recorded in history. Their roots were in the profoundest poetry, the most unearthly idealism of which the human heart is capable. The Crusaders fought neither for broad lands, nor for petroleum, nor even for a national home; they fought for a Piece of Wood and for a true Stone. In hosts and hordes, they went in search of a living God Who once had died. It was a spontaneous act of faith, hope and love on the part of a whole civilization. It was the response of Catholic Europe to Calvary.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Masters

Goethe and Beethoven, by Romain Rolland. New York: Harper and Brothers. $5.00.

THE FOUR essays by the author of "Jean Christophe" which are included in this volume are all interesting, as indeed must be everything critical from the pen of M. Rolland, but by far the most important is the opening one which gives its name to the book. It is indeed strange that the two greatest geniuses of their day, and perhaps of the last two centuries, two geniuses who knew each other and lived in the same land, should have had so little effect on each other, dspite the fact that Beethoven at least worshiped the genius of Goethe. What M. Rolland tries to penetrate in this essay as well as in the third one, "Goethe's Silence," is the secret of Goethe's attitude toward the great composer. Was his attitude actuated by jealousy of the one mind he felt equal to his? Was it because of the influence of Zelter? Or was it because he mistrusted the effect of Beethoven's spirit, that he recognized in it, though only tacitly, a genius which would destroy the classic calm he worshiped, and for which he had sacrificed so much, even of the better part of his nature? M. Rolland, being a romanticist himself, inclines to the latter explanation. He ignores, or largely ignores, the first explanation, an explanation

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which would do violence to the very core of Goethe's position. While the second might have some value, Goethe was not a man to be influenced for long by any inferior intellect, and even Zelter himself learned later to venerate Beethoven's genius and told Goethe so. It is the third explanation which is indeed the probable one, though even an Olympian may have touches of human weakness, and in the depths of his soul Goethe may have allowed jealousy to strengthen his intellectual conviction.

Yet one ought in large measure to agree with M. Rolland's words: "Goethe admitted, recognized, even admired Beethoven's greatness, but did not like it. That is the whole point. Can we blame him? Goethe in his affection and his art was always sincere. . . . But there were two things he did not like, two types of music, the colossal and the melancholy romantic. To be crushed or to be depressed was to him equally unendurable." Therefore Goethe put Beethoven from him, recognizing his genius as his mortal enemy. To put it in modern parlance, Goethe had all his life employed a defense mechanism. Though recognizing the presence and the ultimate power of the infinite, knowing full well that God could not be ignored forever, he yet tried for a Grecian balance and perfection in his own life which would put off what was to him the evil day. It wasn't that he was short-sighted, but rather that he was selfish. And Beethoven's was a spirit which in its honesty and its courage was to break down the barrier of that selfishness. And perhaps it is not quite fair to Goethe to accuse him of a complete selfishness. He feared, and justly feared, the breaking down of standards and restraints which the romantic spirit was to effect, and which indeed it was already effecting. Beethoven himself was magnificent, because he was utterly sincere and because his imagination was colossal, but there would be many of his children whose talent would riot in strange places. This Goethe with rare clairvoyance understood, and this is in all probability the reason for his silence as to Beethoven, despite the pleas of Bettina and later of Zelter himself. M. Rolland has written a most interesting as well as a most penetrating monograph on an extraordinary subject.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Bossuet's Thesis

The Continuity of Religion: From the Discourse on Universal History by Bossuet; translated by Right Reverend Victor Day. Helena, Mont.: Rt. Rev. V. Day.

HISTORIOGRAPHY, if it is to prove adequate to its aims, always stands in need of a sound philosophy. Each step in the progress of science, criticism, and investigation has the effect of diverting the minds of historians into new methods of generalization, with the result that every generation of historians seems to feel under the obligation of viewing history from a fresh teleological standpoint. Years ago Flint conclusively demonstrated that the peculiarly nationalistic prepossessions of the historians of antiquity were incompatible with the idea of unity and universality so essential in presenting any general survey of the story of mankind. Eusebius exemplified and Augustine systematized the Christian concept of history. The influence of these two great masters dominated the entire middle ages and remained paramount while Scholasticism was in the ascendant. With the decline of Scholasticism and the rise of Cartesianism, it became necessary, in view of the pressing needs of the seventeenth century, to undertake a restatement of the principles of Augustine and to expound for a new philosophical world the old doctrine of the providential purpose underlying the affairs of mankind. This was the task to which

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Jacques Bénigne Bossuet, preceptor of the dauphin and Bishop of Meaux, devoted his life. Bossuet excelled in many departments of letters, but his claim to lasting fame rests on those works which have merited for him the titles, "Last of the Fathers" and "Theologian of Providence."

The doctrine of Divine Providence, as expounded by Bossuet, was the foundation of apologetics and the key to ethics and history. His voice was raised, amidst the tumult of new ideas and theories, to recall mankind to a realization of the truths which alone can give coherence and purpose to human effort or meaning to human history. Bossuet neither deprecated nor shunned the appeal to history in his search for the obvious and irrefragable proof of the Divine character and mission of the Church. While the idea of Divine Providence runs through all his writings, it is best expounded in the "Discourse on Universal History." Though quite in accord with the thought and purpose of the "City of God," Bossuet's work is not a mere repetition of Saint Augustine, but a cogent declaration of old truths for a new world of error and obfuscation. Monsignor Day, the translator of Godefroid Kurth's "Church at the Turning Points of History," by this translation of the second part of the "Discourse on Universal History" has placed students of history under a deep obligation. It is much to be regretted that he did not see fit to translate the entire work and to give it a final and definite place in English literature. Had he done so, no Catholic student, equipped with Bossuet and Sawicki's "Philosophie der Geschichte" would lack the needed light in a dark and difficult field of labor.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Roundabout Warsaw

Poland the Unexplored, by Grace Humphrey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.00.

POLAND will not long merit the title "unexplored" if many books like Miss Humphreys are published. The book is written with a gusto of enthusiasm that would make any traveler wish to pack up and go there at once on an exploring trip of his own. Even a sceptical reader would feel this way, thought he might go with his fingers crossed, determined to inspect as well as explore. But no one need cross his fingers. Miss Humphrey's book is accurate and discerning as well as enthusiastic. She lived for fifteen months in Poland, and during that time she saw a good deal more than historic monuments, art galleries and the like. She lived with the people and got behind the scenes.

The rapid-fire manner in which the book is written is a very satisfying reflection of the life of the Poles, who are the liveliest-minded people in Europe. Miss Humphrey has caught fire from them and has animated her pages with their spirit.

I enjoy travel books and read many of them, but I have yet to read one more interesting than this; and I say this, I might remark, not because I am flattered at having my own name mentioned in the book (I did like that—why not?). Miss Humphrey makes her reader see, feel, and enjoy Poland. She does this by writing sympathetically as well as critically; by bringing living people into her pages, making them talk of their problems, expound their history, explain their life, with a frankness and a naturalness that is irresistible.

There was need of a book like this, for the ignorance of American people concerning Poland and the Poles is deplorable. "Poland the Unexplored" gives a vivid moving-picture of one of the world's most interesting lands and most engaging people.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

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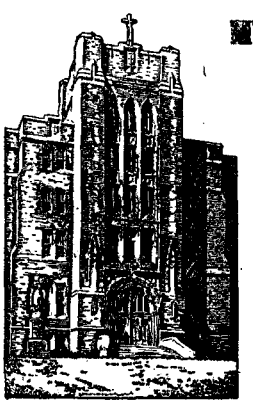

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Briefer Mention

Saint Augustine, His Philosophy, by Angel Vega; translated by Denis J. Kavanagh, D.D., O.S.A. Philadelphia: The Peter Reilly Company. $2.50.

IF DR. KAVANAGH had not translated this little work of his Spanish brother-in-religion, somebody else ought to have done it. There are not enough reliable books on Saint Augustine in English and none too many in French, although the French works far outnumber the English ones. This book offers a brief but adequate summary of Saint Augustine's philosophy. Father Vega endeavors to combine the three qualities of synthesis, criticism and investigation in his study, which he unpretentiously calls "our humble résumé." He quotes, where quotation is necessary, from the original writings of Saint Augustine; he aims to present the thought of the great doctor as simply as possible and without the accretions which interpreters have loaded upon it; he gives a list of the authentic works of the saint and a fairly representative bibliography.

The Night's Candles, by René Roy; translated by Homer White. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

IT IS a pity that "The Night's Candles" will not find as many readers as did "All Quiet on the Western Front." Without glossing over the horrors of war, René Roy, as a blinded survivor, has written a story of spiritual recovery which is both a beacon of hope and a document of courage. The tale of his injury and his rehabilitation is as simple and short as it is powerful. He admits that he contemplated suicide: "I considered one after another all the possible methods of putting an end to my life. . . ." But faith—inspired by helpful friends and physicians and bulwarked by his own optimism—led him out of despair and eventually to success and happiness in the career he had shaped before the war.

German Lyric Poetry, by Norman Macleod. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

IN DEVOTING Volume 13 of the Hogarth Lectures to German lyricism, Mr. Macleod hopes "to provide not only a sketch of the development of German lyric poetry, but some verse translations which may serve, however imperfectly, to illustrate this development." The book is therefore intended primarily for those who know little about the subject and who are virtually unprepared to dig the material out of the original German. It has a definite anthological character. Most of the selections are really very good—though of course individuals may differ about the contemporary selections, their appropriateness and relative value—and the versions are in good taste. The comment is succinct, apt and judicious.

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